

PS
3511
01858
1909



Class _____

Book _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT



THE VERSES OF JAMES W.^t FOLEY

PRESS OF THE TRIBUNE,
BISMARCK, N. D.
1909

June 28, 1909
243117

*Copyright, 1909, by
James W. Foley.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The verses here published appeared originally in the New York Times, Collier's, the Saturday Evening Post, the Youth's Companion, the Woman's Home Companion, Life, and the Bismarck Tribune, and to the editors of these publications and especially to Mr. M. H. Jewell of the Tribune, grateful acknowledgment is made.



TO MY MOTHER,
RACHEL ASTON SHRYOCK.

SUNSHINE AND SONG:

ONCE UPON A TIME.

ONCE upon a time rare flowers grew
On every shrub and bush we used to see;
The skies above our heads were always blue,
The woods held secrets deep for you and me;
The hillsides had their caves where tales were told
Of swart-cheeked pirates from a far-off clime,
When cutlasses were fierce and rovers bold—
Don't you remember?—Once upon a time.

Once upon a time from sun to sun
The hours were full of joy—there was no care,
And webs of gaudy dreams in air were spun
Of deeds heroic and of fortunes fair;
The jangling schoolhouse bell was all the woe
Our spirits knew, and in its tuneless chime
Was all the sorrow of the long ago—
Don't you remember?—Once upon a time.

Once upon a time the witches rode
In sinister and ominous parade
Upon their sticks at night, and queer lights glowed
With eery noises by the goblins made;
And many things mysterious there were
For boyish cheeks to pale at through the grime
That held them brown; and shadows queer would stir—
Don't you remember?—Once upon a time.

Once upon a time our faith was vast
To compass all the things on sea and land
That boys have trembled o'er for ages past,
Nor ever could explain or understand,
And in that faith found happiness too deep
For all the gifted tongues of prose or rime,
And joys ineffable we could not keep—
Don't you remember?—Once upon a time.

THE OPTIMIST'S FEAST.

BRING me a bowl of sunshine, Lass,
From the fount of a rosy dawn;
A frozen rainbow for my glass
Ere the sparkle of it is gone;
The silver lining of a cloud
As a cloth for my table here,
And sing me a merry song aloud
With a voice that is sweet and clear.

Bring me the blue of a sunny sky
And cast it overhead,
Lay me a rug of clover by
Like a wave of velvet spread;
Shower me over with cherry flowers
Just bursting to full bloom,
To freshen this perfect day of ours
With spice of their sweet perfume.

Drape me the black of a midnight sky,
And stud it with stars of white,
To hang my walls with a tapestry
Rare as the peace of night;
Stretch me a frieze of clouds that lie
Over the sunlit hills,
Where the bowl of sunshine, brimming high,
Just overflows and spills.

And my cloth shall be soft as the rose's cheek,
And my heart strings shall be atune,
All, all of my bidden guests shall speak
With tongues of the birds in June;
So,—a bowl of sun from a rifted cloud,
And set it before me here,
And sing me a merry song aloud
With a voice that is sweet and clear.

THE GARDEN OF YESTERDAY.

I KNOW a garden fair to see, where haunting memories
there be
Of treasures lost and joys of ours, forgotten, left
among the flowers:
Like toys of children strewn upon the playground of
the leaf and lawn;
And many stand without the gate who learn with hearts
disconsolate
It swings but out and none may go in search of treasures
scattered so.
For Time is keeper of the way—the Garden there is
Yesterday.
All day I stood beside the gate from dawn to dusk, and
saw them wait,
To plead with him to clear the way, that they might
search in Yesterday:
But to them all he shook his head. "The way forever
closed," he said;
"I lost a child," the mother cried; "A sweetheart I," the
lover sighed;
"A song," the poet said, "was there, sweet-voiced, ineffable
and rare;"
But Time, unyielding, held the way: "The place is mine—
'tis Yesterday!"
And came a schoolgirl, tearful-eyed: "My playmate!"
sorrowful, she cried;
The felon said: "My liberty—will you not give it back
to me?"
"My gold," the miser prayed, "'tis there, the hoard I loved
and could not spare;"
"My youth is there," the old man said; the widow whispered
low: "My dead."

THE GARDEN OF YESTERDAY.

"My honor," faltered the weak knave: "my strength," the
sodden, sotted slave;
And one by one they came to pray they might go back to
Yesterday.

And somewhere in the Garden gleam the gems of innocence
and dream;

And somewhere are the loves that were; the eyes and
cheeks, and lips of Her.

Somewhere the hearts from sorrow free and all the joy
that was to be;

The peace of Honor yet unsoiled; Ambition's sweetness
still unspoiled;

The ties of love, the strength of youth, the hearts of hope,
the ways of truth;

But Time is keeper of the way—the place is his, 'tis
Yesterday!

A PRESENT FOR LITTLE BOY BLUE.

OUR Neighbor, he calls me his Little Boy Blue
Whenever he goes by our yard;
And he says, "Good-morning" or "How-do-you-do?"
But sometimes he winks awful hard.
I guess he don't know what my name really is,
Or else he forgot, if he knew;
And my! You would think I am really part his—
He calls me *his* Little Boy Blue!

Our Neighbor, he told me that Little Boy Blue
Once stood all his toys in a row,
And said, "Now, don't go till I come back for you"—
But that was a long time ago.
And one time, at Christmas, when I had a tree,
He brought me a sled, all brand-new,
And smiled when he said it was partly for me
And partly for Little Boy Blue.

Our Neighbor, he's not going to have any tree,
So he says the best he can do
Is try to get something to partly give me
And partly give Little Boy Blue.
Because, if he's here, it would make him so glad,
And he said he knew it was true
That ever and ever so many folks had
A boy just like Little Boy Blue.

Our Neighbor, he calls me his Little Boy Blue,
And said he would like to help trim
Our tree when it came—he would feel that he knew
It was partly for me and for him.
He said he would fix it with lights and wax flowers,
With popcorn and berries—you see,
He'd like to come over and help to trim ours—
He's not going to have any tree!

THE RECONCILIATION OF PA.

MY PA, he's disappointed tuz I ain't a boy. 'At is
He ain't now but he used to was. He likes me tuz I'm his
An' buys me lots of toys an' things; but w'en I first begun
Ma said he's awful fond of boys an' 'ist wished I was one.
But now he don't care any more, tuz I'm growed up so nice
He likes me better 'n before, an' there ain't any price
'At you could offer him for me an' he would take it, tuz
I'm so much nicer, don't you see, 'an my Pa thought I was.

W'en I'm come first my Mama said 'at he 'ud ruther I
'Ud been a boy the stork 'ud brought; she says she don't see w'y,
Tuz she 'ist thinks 'at little girls are awful nice, an' w'en
You wash 'eir face an' brush 'eir turls, 'ey're nicer'n ever 'en.
But he is disappointed tuz at first he didn't know
How rilly truly nice I was; but w'en I came to grow
He wouldn't take the world for me, so he told Ma, 'ist tuz
I'm so much nicer, don't you see, 'an my Pa thought I was.

An' my Ma says 'at if I grow up 'ist so nice an' sweet
As I am now, my Pa'll know 'at stork was hard to beat;
An' he won't never wish again 'at I'm a boy, 'ist tuz
He'll know how sweet I am, an' 'en he's glad I'm w'at I was,
Tuz boys are awful nice at first, 'at is, you think they are;
An' w'en they're big they're 'ist the worst! An' girls is better far,
An' Ma says if you want 'em sweet, 'ist sweet as sweet can be,
You'll find it awful hard to beat a little girl like me.

A TALE OF THE TRAIL.

THIS life's a middlin' crooked trail, an' after forty year
Of knocking 'round I'm free to say the right ain't always clear.
I've seen a lot of folks go wrong—git off the main highroad
An' fetch up in a swamp somewhere, almost before they knowed.
I don't pretend to be no judge of right and wrong in men;
I ain't been perfect all my life, an' may not be again;
An' sometimes when I see a chap who seems plumb gone astray
I think perhaps he started right, but somehow lost his way.

I like to think the good in 'em by far outweighs the ill;
The trail of life is middlin' hard, and lots of it up hill;
There's places where there ain't no guides or signboards up, an' so
It's partly guess work an' part luck which way you chance to go.
I've seen th' trails fork some myself, an' when I had to choose
I wasn't sure when I struck out if it was win or lose.
So when I see a man who looks as though he'd gone astray
I like to think he started right an' only lost his way.

I've seen a lot of 'em start out with grit an' spunk to scale
Th' hills that purple over there an' somenow lose th' trail;
I've seen 'em stop an' start again, not sure about th' road;
An' found 'em lost on some blind trail almost afore they knowed,
I've seen 'em circlin', tired out, with every pathway blind,
With cliffs before 'em, mountain high, an' sloughs an' swamps behind.
I've seen 'em stringin' through th' dusk, when twilight's gettin' gray
A-lookin' for th' main highroad—poor chaps who've lost their way.

It ain't so far from right to wrong—th' trail ain't hard to lose;
There's times I'd almost give my horse to know which one to choose.
There ain't no signboards on the road t' keep you on the track:
Wrong's sometimes white as driven snow, an' right looks awful black!
I don't set up to be no judge of right an' wrong in men;
I've lost the trail sometimes myself—I may get lost again.
An' if I see some chap that looks as though he'd gone astray
I want to shove my hand in his an' help him find th' way.

SUNSET ON THE PRAIRIES.

THEY have tamed it with their harrows; they have broken it
with plows;
Where the bison used to range it some one's built himself
a house;

They have stuck it full of fence posts, they have girdled it with wire,
They have shamed it and profaned it with an automobile tire;
They have bridged its gullied rivers; they have peopled it with men;
They have churchd it, they have schooled it, they have steepled
it—Amen.

They have furrowed it with ridges, they have seeded it with grain,
And the West that was worth knowing I shall never see again.

They have smothered all its campfires, where the beaten plainsman
slept;

They have driven up their cattle where the skulking coyote crept;
They have made themselves a pasture where the timid deer would
browse,

Where the antelope were feeding they have dotted o'er with cows;
There's a yokel's tuneless whistling down the bison's winding trail,
Where the redman's arrow fluttered there's a woman with a pail
Driving up the cows for milking; they have cut its wild extent
Into forty-acre patches till its glory is all spent.

I remember in the sixties, when as far as I could see,
It had never lord or ruler but the buffalo and me;
Ere the blight of man was on it, and the endless acres lay
Just as God Almighty left them on the restful Seventh Day;
When no sound rose from its vastness but a murmured hum and dim
Like the echoed void of Silence in an unheard Prairie hymn;
And I lay at night and rested in my bed of blankets curled
Much alone as if I was the only man in all the world.

But the prairie's passed, or passing, with the passing of the years,
Till there is no West worth knowing and there are no Pioneers;

SUNSET ON THE PRAIRIES.

They have riddled with railroads, throbbing on and on and on,
They have rided it of dangers till the zest of it is gone;
And I've saddled up my pony, for I'm dull and lonesome here,
To go westward, westward, westward, till we find a new frontier;
To get back to God's own wildness and the skies we used to know—
But there is no West; it's conquered—and I don't know where to go.

A LETTER HOME.

LIKE to come and see you, daddy, and perhaps I will some day;
Like to come back East and visit, but I wouldn't care to stay.
Glad you're doing well, and happy; glad you like your country
best,

But, for me, I always hunger for the freedom of the West.
There's a wholesomeness about it that I couldn't quite explain;
Once you breathe this air you love it and you long for it again;
There's a tie you can't dis sever in the splendor of its sky—
It's just home to you forever and I can't just tell you why.

It's so big and broad and boundless and its heaven is so blue
And the metal of its people always rings so clear and true;
All its billowed acres quiver like the shudder of the sea
And its waves roll, rich and golden, in upon the shore for me.
Why, your farm and all the others that we used to think so fine
Wouldn't—lump 'em all together—make a corner lot of mine;
And your old red clover pasture, with its gate of fence rails barred,
Why, it wouldn't make a grass plot in our district school house yard.

Not a foot has touched its prairies but is longing to return,
Not an eye has seen the sunset on its western heavens burn
But looks back in hungry yearning, with the memory grown dim,
And the zephyr of its prairies breathes the cadence of a hymn
That is sweet and full of promise as the "Beulah Land" we knew
When we used to sit together in the queer, old-fashioned pew,
And at eventide the glory of the sun and sky and sod
Bids me bare my head in homage and in gratitude to God.

Yes, I love you, daddy, love you with a heart that's true as steel,
But there's something in Dakota makes you live and breathe and feel;
Makes you bigger, broader, better; makes you know the worth
of toil;

Makes you free as are her prairies and as noble as her soil;
Makes you kingly as a man is; makes you manly as a king;

A LETTER HOME.

And there's something in the grandeur of her seasons' sweep and
swing
That casts off the fretting fetters of your East and marks you blest
With the vigor of the prairies—with the freedom of the West!

BEREAVED.

I GUESS he must be awful old; we had him years and years,
And he's so old the ends were worn all off of both his ears.

He couldn't hardly eat, because his teeth were all worn out,
And all his legs got stiff, so he could hardly drag about.

One day he lay down by the house, right near the cellar door,
And gasped and gasped for breath, until he couldn't any more;

So I went out and patted him, and when he heard me call
He looked at me and wagged his tail, which died the last of all.

My! he was black and curly once, when he was new and young,
And he would open up his mouth at us and curl his tongue,

Just like he laughed, and play with us; and he would go into
The creek, and bring our hats to us, or anything we threw.

In winter we would hitch him up, and he would haul our sled,
And walk or trot or run with it, or anything we said;

So when he wagged his tail at me I laid him right beside
The cellar door, and then I went behind the barn and cried.

He was a friend of all the boys, and when they came to play
He'd wag his tail and bark and look at them the smartest way;

And he'd pretend to bite at them and nip their pants, but he
Would never bite, 'cause he was just as kind as he could be.

And Henry Watson looked at him beside the cellar door,
And said, "He'll never haul us boys on our sled any more."

He turned his ears back straight and nice; he liked him awful well;
Because he had tears in his eyes, and then a big one fell.

So after while we got a spade, and Billy Gibson came,
And Tommy Dean and Eddie Brink, and they all felt the same.

We dug some turf up in the yard, right underneath a tree,
And laid him in and left there, all covered carefully;

It was an awful solemn day for all of us, for though
He'd got worn out and couldn't eat, we boys all liked him so;

And Eddie Brink, he didn't think the Lord would really care
If we boys sang a hymn for him and said a little prayer.

BEREAVED.

My! it was awful sad that day! And Tommy said he thought
We wouldn't play that afternoon, because he'd rather not.
And Mama made some nice ice-cream, which cheered us up, but when
We wanted her to eat she said she couldn't eat just then.
And Amy Robbins heard of it, and brought some leaves and flowers
To scatter over him, because he was a friend of ours;
And I told her I patted him, and when he heard me call
He looked at me and wagged his tail, which died the last of all.

A LITTLE BOY I KNOW.

A LITTLE boy I used to know, from whom I've been away,
Oh, very many years, took me upon a trip today.
It seemed so good to be with him, and he was glad to be
Companion, guide, and friend until the journey's end with me.
I quite forgot my cares with him, nor could I well be sad,
As long as he was at my side, for he was blithe and glad,
And oh, the merry songs he sang, the tunes he whistled clear
That I had half forgotten till he sang and whistled here!

By many a winding stream we went, and many a limpid brook,
Where oft he bade me stop and cast a line and fishing hook
Until we drew a struggling fish from out some eddy deep,
And once upon the bank we lay and both fell fast asleep.
By clover meadows sweet we strayed, where cow bells tinkled far,
Deep in the woods where hollow logs and darting squirrels are,
And here and there he bade me stop till he would climb a tree
To shake a limb and rattle down some nuts for him and me.

Down many a shady lane we walked, through some familiar land,
Where dreams of faces long forgot arose on every hand;
We saw a cottage by the road, and in the kitchen door
A woman with the sweetest face—a glimpse and nothing more.
And as she vanished from our sight I saw the teardrops shine
In both his eyes, and I could feel the tears well up in mine;
He plucked his shabby sleeve to brush the teardrops from his eye
And whispered, "I saw Mother there!" and I said, "So did I!"

And there were spreading apple trees where oft he bade me lie
Upon the grass and watch the clouds that swept across the sky.
He lent me many a dream to dream—of fame and love and truth,
Such dreams as Fancy stores within the Treasure-heart of Youth!
Ofttimes we found a sparkling spring and lay upon the brink
Our lips laved with its bubbling stream, to drink and drink and drink;
And oh, the joys we two renewed, and oh, the hum of bees,
The songs of birds, the violets and treasures such as these!

A LITTLE BOY I KNOW.

A little boy I used to know, a lad of nine or ten,
Took me a journey glad today—I hope he'll come again :
To take my hand and walk with me where golden sunshine gleams,
To lead me by familiar ways and lend me all his dreams!
To keep me near the hopes we had, to whistle merry tunes,
To find me dawns like those we knew and sunny afternoons ;
A little boy his Mother loved!—a lad of nine or ten ;
Perhaps you've known and walked with him—I hope he comes again !

TWO LITTLE MAIDS.

LITTLE Miss Nothing-to-do
Is fretful and cross and so blue,
And the light in her eyes
Is all dim when she cries
And her friends, they are few, Oh, so few!
Her dolls, they are nothing but sawdust and clothes,
Whenever she wants to go skating it snows,
And everything's criss-cross, the world is askew!
I wouldn't be Little Miss Nothing-to-do
Now, true,
I wouldn't be Little Miss Nothing-to-do
Would you?

Little Miss Busy-all-day
Is cheerful and happy and gay
And she isn't a shirk
For she smiles at her work
And she romps when it comes time for play.
Her dolls, they are princesses, blue eyed and fair,
She makes them a throne from a rickety chair,
And everything happens the jolliest way,
I'd rather be Little Miss Busy-all-day,
Hurray,
I'd rather be Little Miss Busy-all-day,
I say.

A NEW CHRISTMAS CAROL.

COME, children, I'll tell you a wonderful tale,
I learned it one night in a dream;
The snow lay all white and the full moon shone pale,
The housetops about were agleam;
I'd fallen asleep in my big easy chair,
I heard a gruff voice in my ear,
I knew that Saint Nicholas surely was there
And listened to see what I'd hear.

"Come, follow with me," were the first words he said,
"I'm off for my Palace of Snow;
I've emptied my pack of each doll, toy and sled,
It's time for old Santa to go.
But, Oh, I've a treat waiting for me tonight,
I've planned it for years in my mind;
Come, follow with me, while the moon is still bright—"
I rose and we sped like the wind.

We flew like a flash to the Palace of Snow,
By hilltop and valley and plain,
Nor ever I will be permitted, I know,
To make such a journey again;
And there in the warmest and cosiest nook
He bade me sit down while he dressed
In robes of rich scarlet and said to me: "Look!
Here come the Child Hosts of the Blest."

A flash of his eye and my wonderment grew,
A word and a wave of his rod,
Forth came Orphan Annie and Little Boy Blue,
And Wynken and Blynken and Nod.
With Alice from Wonderland, blue-eyed and fair,
Tom Tucker—Jack Horner with him,
And Oh, at the last, can you guess who was there?—
Poor Topsy and Dear Tiny Tim!

A NEW CHRISTMAS CAROL.

He spread out his arms and they passed one by one,
Each laden with treasures and toys,
And never or ever a night of such fun
Was passed by such girls and such boys;
Nor ever will Annie be orphan with him,
He told me, and Little Boy Blue
Came back from the shadows all misty and dim,
So glad that the toy dog was true.

And always and always he'll keep them with him,
He told me, through all of the years,
Poor Topsy and Alice and Dear Tiny Tim,
And Topsy will know no more tears.
But tales of them all he will bring Christmas night,
The brightest and sweetest and best,
That our boys and girls may know joy and delight
From Santa's Child Hosts of the Blest!

A WORLD WITHOUT CARE.

THERE'S a song that is sweet
And a whistle that's clear;
There's a dog at his feet
And another one near;
There's a fish in the brook
And a line that is whirled,
There's a worm on a hook—
All is well with the world.

There's a rock that has slipped
From the bank to the brink,
There's a hat that is dipped
In the brook for a drink;
There's a line that is cast
Where an eddy is swirled,
There's a fat perch caught fast—
All is well with the world.

There's a heartful of joy
And a handful of fish,
There's a satisfied boy
Glad as gladness could wish;
There are leaves green and cool
Where the fat perch is curled,
There are more in the pool—
All is well with the world.

There's an angler come home
At the close of the day,
There's a chirp in the gloam
Of a whistle so gay,
There's a monster near-caught
Where the foam danced and curled,
There's a meal piping hot—
All is well with the world.

RIGHT AFTER SCHOOL.

I KNOW where's the happiest Kingdom in all of the world
I have seen,

No bigger than Grandfather's orchard, and all of it's grassy
and green,

It has but a few dozen people, the happiest youngsters alive,
'Tis ruled by a Princess of seven and one little soldier of five;
There's one little crown made of daisies and one little sword made
of tin,

And one little drum that goes rolling betimes with a terrible din;
You'd think that a war was beginning by all of the noise that is
made,

When, really, it's only the army declaring itself on parade.

In all of the bounds of the Kingdom there isn't a book or a chore;
The reign of the Princess begins when the schoolday is over at four;
Her castle with turrets and towers is right near a big apple tree.
It isn't a visible castle, but if you were there you could see;

And if you should chance to be looking that way when the proud
Princess comes,

You'd see a bold soldier go marching and hear a fierce rattle of
drums,

You'd see loyal subjects and happy, with no thought of table
or rule,

You'd want to belong to the Kingdom—the Kingdom of Right-
After-School!

It's really a well-behaved people—they put by their slates and their
books

And have little use for an army except as a matter of looks;
But nobody dares say addition, division, subtraction—if you
Should mention a one of these subjects the tin sword would run
you right through!

But you can say swinging or jumping or follow-my-leader, nor fear
You break any law of the country—and if from your window
you hear

RIGHT AFTER SCHOOL.

A chorus of voices or laughter, when evening grows twilit and
cool,
You'll know 'tis the music they make in the Kingdom of Right-
After-School!

There's not a sad heart in the Kingdom, nor ever or ever a tear,
And all of the sorrows of schooldays are lost or forgotten in here;
The make-believe fairies go singing with songs that are won-
drously sweet;

The green turf is flecked with white dresses and patters with fast-
flying feet;

It's just between School's-Out and Teatime—an hour or so of the
day,

And often I see them there crowning with daisies the Princess
of Play;

Then some one calls: "Supper-time, children!"—when evening
grows twilit and cool.

It fades from my sight till tomorrow—the Kingdom of Right-
After-School!

A PLEA FOR OLD FRIENDS.

I WAS fond, indeed, of Paul Revere,
In the days of my earlier age,
And the picture of him stands out clear
From the old school reader page;
And I've seen the light in the belfry tower,
I've heard the hoof beats, too,
But, alas! alas! in an evil hour,
They say it's all untrue!

And Barbara Frietchie—all these years,
From guileless boyhood down,
I've seen the flag and heard the cheers
In far off Fredericktown;
And I've seen Jackson lift his hat
And bid his troops march on,
But now, alas! they tell me that
Is a dreamer's tale, and gone!

And oft at night, as though 't were real,
I've heard the flames' wild roar,
I've seen Jim Bludso hold the wheel
Till the last galoot's ashore;
I thought the better of men for it,
And of duty to die or do,
But some wise men, of little wit,
Say none of the tale is true.

Oh, leave me the ride of Paul Revere
And the story of Fredericktown!
The nozzle agin' th' bank—so clear
From guileless boyhood down!
Leave me the curfew that was not rung,
Leave them for me and you;
And let more songs like these be sung,
Though none of the tales be true!

DOWN AND OUT.

USED to brag when work was slack,
Nothing else to do,
Couldn't put him on his back,
No use tryin' to.
Said he'd been in many a bout,
Wrastlin' every day,
Nobody could put him out,
Wasn't built that way.

Little feller name o' Hall,
Well known here in town,
Wasn't neither short nor tall,
Tried to put him down.
Used to wrastle every day,
Wrastled quite a bit,
Hall 'ud lose, but always say:
"Bet I throw him yit!"

Wal—they wrastled on for years,
Finally, one day,
After all his jokes an' jeers,
Hall put him away.
Put him out for good and all;
"Don't know Hall?" How so?
First name's Al an' last name's Hall,
Middle name was Coe.

A TRAGEDY OF CENTER FIELD.

H E muffed the fly that lost the game; he never did before;
The boys don't think he'll ever be light-hearted any more.
Our captain didn't say a word; he just picked up his bat
And started home with downcast head—what words could equal that?
Nobody spoke on our whole side, or didn't even ask
How Stubby came to muff the fly. Bud Hicks picked up his mask
And sighed an awful sorry sigh. Stub Weeks is not the same—
Our boys don't think he ever will, because he lost the game.

Nobody asked him to explain. They couldn't understand
How Stubby dropped it when he had the ball right in his hand.
It sailed from Pudgy Williams' bat and soared just like a bird
To center field where Stubby was. Nobody hardly stirred
Because it was so critical, but Bud Hicks gave a shout,
He knew a fly in center field was just as good as out
When Stubby Weeks was under it. And then he gave a cry
Of agony too great for words when Stubby muffed the fly.

Our boys all slowly walked away, and even Red Blake's team
Were too surprised to cheer because it seemed just like a dream.
And over there in center field Stub Weeks was dreaming, too,
As though he was Napoleon and this was Waterloo.
The blow was such an awful one he acted sort of stunned,
And then he walked in from the field expecting to be shunned
Forevermore by all his friends. His throat was hoarse and dry;
We knew his heart broken then because he muffed the fly.

He saw us all pick up our things and walk away, and then
The awful stain upon his name came back to him again.
He thought of how it should have been—the loud hurrahs and cheers,
And leaned against the back-stop fence and drenched it with his tears,
Till all the boys felt sorry then, and told him not to mind
Because the sun was in his eyes and must have made him blind.
But weeks and weeks have passed since then—his heart is awful sore,
Our boys don't think he'll ever be light-hearted any more!

SOME QUESTIONS FOR YOU.

DO you come nearer day by day
To the port where your dreams all
anchored lie?

Or do you sail farther and far away
In an angry sea with a sullen sky?
Do you come nearer the Ought-to-be
In the wagon you hitched to a distant star?
Or do you drift on hopelessly,
Content to bide with the Things-that-are?

Are you a Drone or a Do-it-now?
A Hurry-up or a Wait-a-while?
A Do-it-so or an Anyhow?
A Cheer-up-boys or a Never-smile?
It's none of my business, that I know,
For you are the captain and mate and crew
Of that ship of yours, but the Where-you-go
Depends on the What-and-how-you-do.

Are you a Yes or a Maybe-so?
Are you a Will or a Guess-you'll-be?
A Come-on-lads or a Let's-not-go?
A Yes-I-will or an Oh-I'll-see?
It isn't the least concern of mine,
I know that well, but as time endures,
When they thresh the wheat and store the wine,
You'll find it's a big concern of *yours*.

DOCTHER DOOLEY—LL. D.

I 'VE bin wa-aiting f'r some college,
Blessed wid dignity an' knowledge,
Av which wit is first vice president and humor is
thrustee,

To sind all th' world a greetin'
Av a quite informal meetin'

To confer on Ma-artin Dooley th' degree of
LL. D.

Shure, they do it th' world over;

"Docther" Cha-ancy—"Docther" Grover—

"Docther"—half a thousand others I could mintion
if I choose;

An' in all th' world av wit or

Humor, tell me who is fitter

Than is Mister Ma-artin Dooley f'r t' fill a docther's
shoes?

Jist imagine it: "Yours thruly,

'Docther'—"Docther' Ma-artin Dooley."

Th' devil fly away wid ye, an' don't ye under-
stand

That av all th' famous min I see

Jist Dooley's lift an' Hinnessy,

Who haven't yet bin docthered as their services
dema-and.

Shure, I'm timpted t' be startin'

Jist a little wan f'r Ma-artin,

Av which ivery last good fellow in th' land shall
be thrustee,

Widout faculty—no chaffin'—

Save th' faculty f'r laughin',

An' confer on Ma-artin Dooley th' degree av
LL. D.

DOCTHER DOOLEY—LL. D.

Thin, be hivins, sir, whiniver

Ye had blues or torpid liver

An' were needin' av' a tonic—an' there's minny
needs th' sa-ame—

Y'd be sindin' f'r yours thruly,

"Docther"—"Docther" Ma-artin Dooley

An' be takin' his prescription to th' glory av his
na-ame.

ART IN FROZEN CREEK.

HE was a tourist, rich I guess; an' he stepped down off th'
train
Way out at th' town o' Frozen Crick, in th' heart o' th'
Western plain;

Hi Cobb was there an' Wryneck Potts an' Amos Drake an' me;
(We allus 'lowed to 'tend th' train to see what we could see.)

He stepped up brisk to Wryneck Potts an' he says to him: "My
man,

Have you got a drug store handy here?" An' Wryneck Potts
he ran

An' p'inted out th' one we had an' th' tourist hurried there,
Ez if somebody was in straits an' he had no time t' spare.

An' Wryneck Potts he told Hi Cobb from th' feller's look of pain
He thought his wife or child or kin was dyin' on th' train,

An' Cobb he turned to Amos Drake an' Amos turned to me
But he didn't say he 'lowed on it, he said 'twas true, you see;

An' I says: "Cobb, go git Doc Duff an' bring him over here
While I run up to th' funder end an' tell th' engineer,

So's he don't pull out;"—'cuz we may be rough an' slow in Frozen
Crick,

But we got a sight o' sympathy if there's anybody sick.

An' Cobb he run an' so did I an' Doc says: "Is she bad?"

'Cuz a couple dozen quinine pills was all th' dope he had;

An' he an' Cobb come runnin' back an' he says to Wryneck: "Jump!

Go fetch me a couple quarts of rye an' a crutch an' a stomach
pump."

'Cuz Doc he liked to be perpared; an' then I run across

To th' drug store where th' feller was an' I says to him: "Ol' Hoss,

We've got th' doctor over there 'cuz in sickness we're all pards."

An' he looked at me an' says: "Oh, Pshaw! I'm buyin' postal
cards!"

ART IN FROZEN CREEK.

We might 'a' used th' feller rough, but he run back to th' train
An' before th' word of it got out th' train was gone again;
An' Wryneck Potts with crutch an' pump an' his couple quarts
o' rye

For first relief, went back again 'cuz th' crisis was gone by.
An' Cobb he says th' postal craze is gettin' smeared on thick
When any one wants postal cards with scenes o' Frozen Crick,
An' Doc Duff says: "A call's two plunks an' who's to pay my fee?"
So Wryneck Potts says: "Step up, Gents. This time th' drink's
on me."

"BACK TO OLD AUNT MARY'S."

NOW we read in song and story of the reminiscent glory of
the woods and fields of boyhood, as in fancy we go
back,

Back in dreams to old Aunt Mary's, back to bees and huckleber-
ries, back to apples, plums, and cherries, back to haymow,
field, and stack;

And the poet at this season for some psychologic reason feels
the conscious guilt of treason if he fails to take his
pen

And achieve his rhythmic duty of extolling woodland beauty and
his verses always end with "Could I but go back again!"

Some would go "back to the wildwood, in the innocence of child-
hood;" some are headed for the orchard where the apples in
the sun

Swing and ripen, richly, redly, while the bird songs in a medley
fill the air with mellow music and the days pass one by one;

Some would go back with fine fancies, to Aunt Mollie's, Jane's,
or Nancy's—(all our poets seem to have a stock of aunts
that never fail!)

And when evening shades are falling and the whippoorwill is
calling—(every poet has a whippoorwill!)—you know how
goes the tale!

But forgive these fancy-revels, and forgive us dreaming devils,
who, from seventh-story windows may look out upon the
street

Where men sweat and steam and swelter, where the world seems
helter-skelter, if we dream of creeks and hollows where the
grass is cool and sweet;

If we dream that we are going where the Summer flowers are
blowing and where husbandmen are mowing in the clover
red and white,

If we write a verse whose fancies carry us back to Aunt Nancy's,
for it comforts us and gives us half an hour of delight!

THE WRECK OF THE WOMANS' CIRCLE.

SUE ALLEN! Laws o' mercy! We aint never had no peace
Since th' day she j'ined th' Circle with her sister an' her
niece

An' began a-pickin' flaws an' findin' fault with everything
Fr'm th' organ in th' choir loft to th' pastor's study-wing.

Said th' church was small an' stuffy an' we orto build a new,
An' she fumed an' fussed an' fretted till she had us all a-stew,
An' she argyed an' she argyed till she got us to agree
That we'd raise a thousand dollars if th' Mission made it three.

It was social, social, social, with each heavin' mortal breath,
We must raise a thousand dollars, so we socialed 'em to death,
It was cream an' cake an' chicken till Melinda Wilkins said
She would give us *all* her earnin's if we'd see that *she* was fed.

An' we never had a meetin' but it turned on ways an' means,
On th' cost o' lath an' plaster an' th' size o' window screens,
An' she had us money-grubbin' like a lot o' Mammon's slaves
When we'd orto been a-thinkin' of our sinful souls an' graves.

When Sapphira Snodgrass left us it made somethin' of a stir,
For she said th' pace we'd taken was a trifle fast for her;
So she sent her resignation an' she told us plain an' clear
That she wasn't goin' t' try to lay up all her treasures *here*.

Marthy Wiggins started even with Sue Allen at th' post
But before we'd raised five hundred she had given up th' ghost;
An' she sent word to th' Circle she had done her level best
But she'd wrecked her nervous system an' she'd have to take a rest.

But Sue Allen never faltered; with a firm, forbiddin' eye
She declared we'd keep our pledges an' she knitted "Do or Die"
In a fancy lettered motto which induced Matilda Skidd
To observe it didn't matter if we Died or if we Did.

THE WRECK OF THE WOMANS' CIRCLE.

Blossom Craven she staid loyal to th' project, floor to dome,
An' earned hopes of high salvation by neglectin' things at home
Till her husband got to drinkin' since she left him in th' lurch,
An' she felt his mortal temple more important than th' church.

At th' forty-second social, held on Primrose Potter's lawn,
I was leanin' on an ellow, feelin' kind o' worn an' gone,
When Rebekah Mullin's eldest came across th' lawn to tell
How Rebekah Mullin's youngest had just fallen down th' well.

He was fished out, wet an' gaspin', but Rebekah then an' there
Sent a word by Ellen Wilson that she guessed she'd done her share,
An' hereafter she was willin' to do what was right an' just,
But her children needed watchin', an' she'd have to do that fust.

When we'd raised eight hundred dollars, leavin' only two to gain
Sarah Pembroke fell in harness fr'm th' pressure o' th' strain,
An' she said it was a question between givin' up th' boast
Made by Sue to raise a thousand or of givin' up th' ghost.

When we'd sold our whole possessions for whatever they would
fetch

To squeeze money out o' nothin' an' were comin' down th' stretch,
Amy Ringrose, bakin' doughnuts for a Womans' Food Exchange
Slipped an' scalded herself dreadful in' th' hot lard on th' range.

So th' Circle by th' wayside faded slowly fr'm our view,
An' we had to change th' rules to make a quorum out o' two.
An' th' day we reached th' limit of th' task that Sue had set
There was only me an' Susan when th' Womans' Circle met.

An' we've got th' thousand dollars that we pledged ourselves to get
An' th' Mission's give th' other that it promised us;—an' yet
Sue Allen, she admitted as she wept upon my neck
That we'd got th' Church we wanted but th' Circle was a wreck!

A LITTLE BIT O' RILEY.

JES' a little bit o' Riley when th' twilight's growin' dim,
You can open of it anywheres an' read a verse from him.
It rests me when I'm weary, an' it cheers me when I'm sad,
An' sometimes th' pathos in it, while I'm cryin', makes me glad;
For I like it 'cause it's human, an' my heart jes' seems t' say
That if it could speak, like Riley's, it would talk jes' thataway!

Jes' a little bit o' Riley when th' summer is in bloom,
'Cause it sort o' adds a measure to th' fragrance an' perfume;
It seems to lend new meanin' to th' chatter an' th' song
Of th' birds that cry up yonder an' th' brooks that dance along;
An' I like it 'cause it's honest an' my heart jes' seems t' say
That if it could speak, like Riley's, it would talk jes' thataway!

Jes' a little bit o' Riley when the shadders fall on me—
(An' I know I'll meet my Pilot where th' stream becomes th' sea!)
An' I want to meet him honest, as a man should meet a man,
An' I want to be clean-hearted an' as decent as I can.
So I want a verse o' Riley an' I want to smile an' say:
"If my heart could plead for pardon it would talk jes' thataway!"

HOME.

THE uncertain hum of the prairies when twilight is dim,
The wash of the seas on a battlement rocky and grim,
The unbroken forest that breathes a druidical hymn.

The plainsman, sun-beaten, hears voices from hollow and swell,
And where from the midst of the distance the deep shadows fell,
They came with low murmurs—the hum of the tenantless shell.

The woodsman hears voices—the sigh of the bough, swinging low,
The flutter of leaves in the dusk, till their choruses grow
To be the sweet songs that his forest has taught him to know.

The sailor hears voices—the wash of the low-lying sea,
The flap of the gull in the dusk and the harmonies he
Has learned from the Deep, as the Master has bade it to be.

The plainsman heard voices—the song that the forester knew,
And shuddered at dusk, for his burden of lonesomeness grew,
Nor comfort he found in the song of the oak tree or yew.

The woodsman heard voices—the wash of the low-lying seas
And shuddered at dusk, for they were not the sweet harmonies
His Master had taught him to know in his leaves and his trees.

The sailor heard voices—the murmur of hollow and swell
And shuddered at dusk when his burden of lonesomeness fell
Upon him alone, with the hum of the tenantless shell.

And yet all alone in the night where the thick shadows creep
The plainsman is bold on his prairies and lays him to sleep,
Nor the woodsman fears aught of his trees, nor the sailor his Deep.

ON THE ROAD.

HANDSOME pair o' Colts—eh, Stranger?
No, there ain't a bit of danger.
Let yer vision sort o' linger
On that off one—minds my finger
At th' slightest touch. Be keerful!
'Cause I'm allus sort o' fearful
They're so everlastin' willin';
Might go off an' make a killin'.

Handsome pair o' Colts, I tell ye.
Mind yer hands! It's jes' as well ye
Keep 'em lifted like I told ye,
'Cause it ain't no odds how bold ye
Be—it won't do ye no service
If my finger sh'd get nervous,
An' I wouldn't have 'em harm ye.
Jes' stand still till I disarm ye.

See the muzzle o' that nigh one?
Feller right here tried t' buy one
Not a week ago—it's funny,
But he shelled out all his money
Jes' th' minute he laid eyes on
Him. Remarkable surprisin'
What a pair o' Colts 'll fetch ye
'Fore th' vigilantes get ye!

Come on, Stranger—better loosen!
Tain't no use in yer refusin'
'Cause th' odds is all agin' ye,
An' I ain't a-goin' t' chin ye
More'n an hour or two. So hurry,

ON THE ROAD.

'Cause these Colts is apt t' worry,
An' whenever they get fretful
They jes' act up somethin' dreadful.

Thanks! That's handsome! Now jes' mind me;
Drive along. Don't look behind ye
Er yer hour-glass's sand 'll
Run out fast. They're hard t' handle.
Keep straight on thar—that's a wise 'un!
Forty-fours? Oh, yes. Surprisin'
What a pair o' Colts 'll fetch ye.
Evenin', Stranger. Glad I met ye!

THE VOICES OF SONG.

THEY come to me on wings of air, with plaintive lullabies,
And many songs and music rare they bring from dome-
less skies;
Ah, me! They bid my soul be fair, and nobler dreamings rise!

Naught am I but interpreter of dreams they bring to me
In hidden harmonies that were all veiled in mystery
Until She bade them speak through Her—and She is Poetry.

So many, many moods beguile the sweetness of Her hours!
She frowns, and now again Her smile has all the speech of flowers,
And lulling dreams Her moments while in cool and shady
bowers.

And often in the moonless night on wings of lurid flame,
Her head all aureoled with light, in majesty She came,
And bade me reach my pen and write—nor theme I knew, nor
name.

Nor aught vouchsafing me of why, in Her imperious mood,
She bade me only write, and I but little understood,
Save I was slave to Her, to die or flourish, as She would.

Then voices whispered in my ears, like songs from distant choirs,
And one told me the tale of tears, and one of those hot fires
That flame through all the sweep of years in Time's consuming
pyres.

And one was Laughter's merry tune, and one was like the rain
That in the gloomy night-tide's noon but beats and beats again,
Till crackling sedge and sandy dune are wet with tears of Pain.

Then War's tumultuous voice arose, in the harsh notes of Hate,
And thrusts and shots and shouts and blows, and thirst insatiate
For blood, and a red river flows where beaked vultures wait.

THE VOICES OF SONG.

And Love's voice was among the rest that murmured in my ears,
With flute-like carolings, all blest with the delight of tears,
As Grief, her sister, sably drest, walked with her down the years.

My soul was but a harp, and She played gloriously and long,
As might a Master, curiously, with practiced touch and strong,
Strike all the waiting strings to see if it were fit for song.

Then all the babbling tongues were stilled, and in the dreamy night
My flagging pen to words I willed. Alas! I could not write;
And darkness all my senses filled that She had made so light.

Nor soul of man has understood, nor tongue of man can say
Why never comes She when I would, nor prayers will bid Her stay;
But, like a lass for favor sued, turns in caprice away.

But Genius, like a lover, knows the songs of seraphim
That follow in Her train, and goes with laughing eye or dim
To sit with Her when Music flows and She would speak with him!

ON THE TRAIL.

GOT a price on his head,
An' th' ranch-boss, he said
He'd prefer him alive, but he would take
him dead.

Same ol' trouble, o' course,
Drink an' Cap. R. E. Morse
An' a dash f'r th' plains on another man's hoss.

Knowed him since he's a lad,
Used t' bunk with his Dad,
Ain't a natural tough, but in liquor he's bad.
Fill hi'self to his chin,
Soak hi'self to th' skin
An' then sit around waitin' a chance to mix in.

Say! Th' youngster could ride
Anything with a hide
On its back where th' hair was a-growin' outside,
Roll a good cigarette
On his hoss on a bet
When th' cayuse was buckin' an' never lost yet.

Sittin' there in th' camp,
Sort o' worn out an' damp,
An' his hoss ga'nt an' tired fr'm a ninety-mile tramp
Through th' snow an' th' sleet,
An' he took liquor neat,
F'r th' stuff seemed t' be both his drink an' his meat.

I dunno! Somethin' hot
Passed between 'em—a shot,
An' th' other man drew summat slower 'n he
ought.

Well! It wasn't much loss,

ON THE TRAIL.

But th' big buckskin hoss
That he tuk when he skipped was th' pride of
th' boss!

'Taint because that galoot
That he killed with a beaut
Of a shot had an idee he knew how to shoot.
Ef he jest hadn't tuk
That especial ol' buck-
Skin th' boss broke hi'self 'twouldn't matter—wuss
luck!

Got a price on his head,
An' th' ranch-boss, he said
He'd prefer him alive, but he would take him dead.
'Cause a man ain't much loss,
But it's time, says th' boss,
That all plainsmen was learnin' a hoss is a hoss.

THE REVERIES OF A WIDOW.

I.—THE WORM.

NOW am I like a worm condemned to crawl,
My happiness to burrow in the earth,
Seeking communion with the shape of all
My soul held dear; to shun the cup of mirth;
To banish laughter as a thing profane;
To weed myself in black; to rear a stone;
To bury hope; to wander down the lane
Of life forsaken, cheerless, and alone.

II.—THE CHRYSALIS.

What shape takes now my soul that is not woe
Nor yet is happiness; but half between
The two; the earth where I was wont to go
For comfort chills me as a thing unclean;
I am who am wife nor maid, what bids me leave
This self-abased state and take on wings
To fly with? Is't forbidden I shall grieve
So long upon the dust of earthly things?

III.—THE BUTTERFLY.

What airy wings are these, and delicate
That lift my soul from earth and on this flower
Of hope bid me to rest and sip, nor fret
Upon the sorrow of a vanished hour?
Was it my soul that yesterday was cast
Into the dust? Oh, Time, what magic lies
In that weird wand of thine that gives at last
To worms the shape and wings of butterflies?

THE VILLAGE COBBLER.

HELLO, Doc. Got th' rheumatiz.
I dunno what on airth it is,
But jest let th' weather change a bit
An' I'm mighty nigh down flat with it.
I was goin' t' mend them shoes of yourn,
But I jest ain't quite got around to it yit!

You healthy rascal! Don't you smile,
'Cause th' years 'll git you after while.
Oh, I remember—yes, I do,
When I was young an' strong, like you,
But I been bent over this bench so long
That I squeak and squawk like a bran-new shoe.

Mornin', Squire! Kind o' nasty day.
Oh, yes, I keep on peggin' away.
But it don't seem like I git much done,
Though I'm up with th' very first peep o' sun.
I did hope to have that job o' yourn,
But I ain't got around yit to mend that one.

Day, Mis' Green! Hope I see you well.
Oh, I'm so so. Jest a little spell
O' my old complaint—sort o' saps my grit,
But I'm able to do what work I git,
An' I was goin' t' have that patchin' done,
But I jest ain't quite got around to it yit!

Howdy, Ben! Got yer plantin' done?
Oh, I'm about as I allus run.
I'm sufferin' some, as I allus do,
But I'm able t' drive a peg or two.
An' I was goin' t' have them boots all done,
But I ain't got around yit to git 'em through.

THE VILLAGE COBBLER.

No, I ain't much of a hand t' fret.
As long as I'm healthy enough t' set
At th' ol' work bench down here an' git
My work out prompt I ain't dead yit.
Mis' Wise? How' do! Them shoes of yourn?
Well, I got one done, but th' sole don't fit!

No, I don't fret if it's shine or rain.
I peg away an' I don't complain.
My shoes are good an' I make 'em fit
As well as a mortal man can git
'Em to. Hello! There's Deacon Hayes
An' I ain't got around to his job yit!

THE OLD PUMP'S FAREWELL.

AYE, root me up like some dead tree
Bereft of leaf and shade,
And in some corner let me be
Irreverently laid,
To waste my bones in rot and rust,
And let me, once who gave
Cool draughts to man and beast, in dust
Find an unhonored grave.

It was thy father set me here
A score of years ago,
And bade cool water, crystal clear,
In grateful streams to flow.
In all my years no thirsty lout
For drink of me has cried
And from my overflowing spout
Has gone unsatisfied.

The children, rioting from school,
Have sought my dripping spout,
Whence sparkling water, clear and cool,
In torrents gushing out,
Brought thirst a comforting eclipse
With its refreshing draught,
And ah! the sweetness of their lips
Pressed to me as they quaffed.

Then, speeding onward to their play,
I heard their merry cries,
And like the tears that drip away
In gladness from the eyes,
The cool drops flowed and trickled down
My iron cheek, to see
How from far corners of the town
The thirsty came to me.

THE OLD PUMP'S FAREWELL.

The dusty yokel, worn and tasked,
Tramped to me from the road,
Gripped hands with me, and all unasked
The grateful waters flowed.
The cup held by its clanking chain
He lifted oft and drained
Its crystal waters once again,
And some new vigor gained.

And, ah, those patient beasts that brought
Their noses to my tank,
When the red sun beat fiercely hot
And drank, and drank, and drank
With mighty draughts and deep until
My labors were nigh vain
To give them drink enough and fill
My water tub again.

Nor all my score of years till now
Have I once failed to cool
The thirsty lip and fevered brow
From that still rippling pool
Wherein my feet have stood. My cup
In ready hands and strong
Has dipped its crystal waters up
So long, so long, so long!

But now my joints are worn and old,
My spout is parched and dry;
My cup's a-leak and will not hold
My drink, howe'er I try.
So root me up like some old tree
Bereft of leaf and shade,
And in some corner let me be
Irreverently laid.

BACK TO SCHOOL.

FELL in the creek twice yesterday!
Slipped and slid from a load of hay,
Stepped on a stone and bruised my toe;
Hardly walk 'cause I'm blistered so;
Hit my knee till it's blue and black,
Sat in the sun and burned my back
When I went to swim, but my, I'm glad!
Best vacation I ever had.

Slid off the old red barn last week.
Wind all gone so I couldn't speak
When they laid me in upon the bed
And put cold water on my head.
Got poison-ivy on my legs
When I went in the weeds to look for eggs;
But I've had more fun since I don't know when!
Hate to go back to school again.

Burned my hands till they're awful sore
When the calf ran out of the big barn door
And I tried to hold the rope and fell
Most twenty feet down the old dry well.
Lost my hat that was almost new,
In the great big lake, when the high wind blew;
And my pants are torn from many a climb,
But I never had such a summer-time.

Ate poison berries by the creek
Till they thought I'd die, I felt so sick;
But they gave me ipecac to take,
And it cured up all my stomach-ache!
Got stung by bees, but I got stung best
When I started home with a hornets' nest,
And I all swelled up; but I'm gone down now,
And it's all in a boy's life, anyhow!

Nose all peeled till it's red and rough,
Hands all brown, but I'm awful tough
From the exercise, and I'm big and strong,

BACK TO SCHOOL.

'Cause I hoed in a corn-field all day long.
And my uncle said that I might stay
For harvest-time, and he'd give me pay ;
And I'd like to stay, but I have to go
Back home to school, 'cause my ma said so.

THE SONG OF THE DINNER BELL.

AS long as they fry spring chicken,
As long as young squabs are born,
As long as my pulses quicken
At platters of fresh green corn,
Sing me no mournful numbers,
Chant me no solemn song;
As long as we've sliced cucumbers
I guess I can get along.

As long as we've baked potatoes
That fluff out like flakes of snow,
As long as we've sliced tomatoes,
As long as young turkeys grow,
Bring me no pale and pallid
Refrain from a funeral song;
As long as we've sweetbread salad
I guess I can get along.

Bid not mine eyes be moist or
Red from expected woes,
As long as they leave an oyster,
As long as a lobster grows,
How can the times be tearful,
How can the world be sad?
How can we not be cheerful
As long as they plank roe-shad?

As long as the tall, hot biscuit
Is dripping with honey sweet,
You may hate the world—I'll risk it
As long as we've things to eat.
No praises that I might utter,
No splendors my fancy spreads,
Compare with the yellow butter
Spread thick on fresh home-made bread.

THE SONG OF THE DINNER BELL.

What is the sense of spoiling
Life, with its bill-of-fare?
As long as we've mushrooms broiling
Where is the room for care?
Why should our troubles fret us,
Why should our hopes e'er fade,
As long as we've crisp head-lettuce,
With mayonnaise overlaid?

Peace to thy sighing, brother;
See that thy tears are dried.
Get thee a steak, and smother
It with some onions, fried.
Turkey with oyster dressing,
Beef with its gravy brown.
Life? It is one grand blessing—
Dinner is served—sit down!

FOR THE LOVE OF A HORSE.

YOU'VE got the drop, Sandy! There's cottonwoods handy;
I ain't no spring chicken—I know what it means!
So get out your halter; you won't see me falter! I ain't
no cheap tenderfoot still in his teens!
You've raced me an' chased me, but you ain't disgraced me! Old
Baldy went lame from a prairie dog hole—
You're crippled, old fellow, but there ain't no yellow in all of your
make-up, from crupper to poll!

Don't hesitate, Sandy! I know it's onhandy to hang an old friend
just for stealin' a horse;
But get your traps ready for I ain't onsteady; an' justice is justice
an' must take its course!

I gave all your posse a run that was flossy, through sage brush an'
cactus, up cut bank an' hill,
An' now that you've caught me an' got me, why rot me! I'm
just a plain outlaw, who bows to your will.

Want Baldy? Well, hold him! An' Sandy, I sold him—I got in
a jackpot an' needed the dough;
I sold him to Meehan, th' same time agreein' that he'd sell him
back when I wanted it so;
An' Meehan, th' greaser, he went back on me, Sir, an' wouldn't
make good when I flashed him a roll,
An' said I had sold him for keeps an' I told him some things not
intended to comfort his soul.

Sell Baldy? Why, Sandy, he's carried me handy a hundred long
miles in a many day's sun;
An' come in a prancin', his head up, an' dancin', just like a young
tenderfoot sportin' a gun;
He ain't no cheap quitter! He'll cut out a critter an' hold him hard
fast when he's roped an' been thrown;
An' five years I knowed him an' five years I rode him an' never a
leg crossed his back but my own.

FOR THE LOVE OF A HORSE.

I got set for roamin'—there's work in Wyomin'—an' when that
durn greaser went back on his word
I went an' called Baldy an' when he was called he just pricked up
his ears an' came out of th' herd;
An' say! When he'd whinner, as I am a sinner, I put both my arms
'round his neck an' I cried,
An' then I just hollered an' Baldy, he follered—an' you know th'
rest an' th' end of th' ride!

So that's th' tale, Sandy; there's cottonwoods handy! An' I ain't
afraid of th' law of th' plains,
But you can damn me, Sir, if that thievin' greaser will ever get
Baldy—I'll blow out his brains.
What's that? Nothin' doin'? No tree party brewin'? Well,
Sandy, that's handsome! "Just go on my course?"
What's this that's a-fillin' my eyes? Tom McQuillen a-weepin'!
An' all for th' love of a horse!

IN SWIMMING.

'I ST boys—th' kind you used t' know,
What-d'-y'-call-him, So-and-so
An' What's-His-Name—an' every one
'Ist full o' health an' out for fun.
No meanness in a one of us,
'Ist brown an' strong an' mischievous,
'Cuz that's th' way 'at boys all grow—
'Ist boys—th' kind you used t' know.
'Ist boys—th' kind you used t' be.
What! Never climbed an' apple tree
An' shook 'em down? Why, Mister, you—
You never was a boy, real true.
I'll bet 'at you was mischievous
As you could be. You're foolin' us
'Cuz you can't help but see 'at we
Are boys—'ist like you used t' be.
Of course we ought t' be at school,
But my! The water's nice an' cool
An' when it calls you, w'y, you 'ist
Can't be a real boy an' resist.
An' say! We caught a fish down there
'Most two feet long—right close t' w're
You're standin' now. Now don't you see
We're boys—'ist like you used t' be?
Say, you ain't goin' t' tell our Ma
'At you was passin' by an' saw
Us swimmin' here. W'y, Mister, you
Won't never feel right if you do.
Don't be a tattle-tale! W'y, say,
If you should give us boys away
You couldn't never bear to see
A boy—'ist like you used t' be.

IN SWIMMING.

Come on, now! You ain't goin' t' tell
On us. I know it, 'ist as well
As anythin'. You wouldn't hurt
Her feelin's 'ist t' do us dirt.
You won't? Thanks, Mister. You're a brick.
We're goin' home, Sir, pretty quick.
It's awful fine here, 'cuz, y' see,
We're boys—'ist like you used t' be.

A REFUGE IN DISTRESS.

A FELLOW'S father knows a lot
Of office work and such,
But when it come to things like what
A boy wants, he ain't much.
For when it comes to cuts or warts
Or stone bruise on your toes,
A fellow's father don't know, but
A fellow's mother knows.
A fellow's father, he looks wise
And says: "Ahem! A-hem!"
But when it comes to cakes and pies,
What does he know of them?
He knows the price of wheat and rye
And corn and oats, it's true,
But if you got the leg ache, why,
He don't know what to do.
And if you burned your back the time
That you went in to swim,
And want some stuff to heal it, why,
You never go to him,
Because he doesn't know a thing
About such things as those,
But you just bet, and don't forget,
A fellow's mother knows.
And if your nose is sunburned, till
It's all peeled off, and you
Go to him for some healin' stuff,
He don't know what to do.
He's just as helpless as can be,
But when a fellow goes
And asks his mother, why, you see,
A fellow's mother knows.

A REFUGE IN DISTRESS.

A fellow's father knows a lot,
But it ain't any use,
So if a fellow's really got
The leg ache or a bruise,
Or if there's anything he wants
He gets right up and goes
And asks his mother, for, you see,
A fellow's mother knows.

CONSERVING THE RESOURCES.

HOD Kellar said he read o' late,
In forty thousand years or nigh,
Th' water'll all evaporate
From off th' earth an' leave it dry;
He said th' moon is dried up now,
An' water's scarcer, he can tell,
By lookin' down an' seein' how
It's gittin' shaller in his well.
An' Peleg Potter winked his eye,
An' says by drinkin' only rye
Hod's savin' water, so there'll be
A-plenty for Posterity!

Hod told us up in Tinker's store
That wood was bein' used so free,
He read there wouldn't be no more
In 'bout another century.
An' he said he remembered well
Logs three foot through, an' told us how
They used to rip 'em, an' says, "Tell
Me where are them big sawlogs now?"
An' Peleg said he understood
Why Hod would never saw no wood—
'Cuz he's afeard that it would be
A crime ag'in Posterity!

Hod said he read th' stock o' coal
Was gittin' lower—he'd allow
Th' won't a single livin' soul
Have any fifty years from now;
He used to git a ton for less
Than he can git a bag to-day,
An' wasn't sure, but said he guess
We'd frittered all th' stock away.

CONSERVING THE RESOURCES.

An' Peleg said perhaps that's why
Hod's coal bin was most always shy—
He borrs what he burns 'cuz he
Don't want to cheat Posterity.

Hod said he read th' land to-day
Was bein' cropped so much an' fast
Th' juices in it that makes hay
An' corn an' fodder wouldn't last.
He said in fifty years or so
Th' way they use it now, by gosh,
A half an acre wouldn't grow
A sweet potater or a squash!
An' Peleg he said he knew now
Why Hod would never drive a plow—
He's so afeard th' land won't be
Ez fertile for Posterity!

THE SCAPEGOAT.

IF anybody comes in late
To dinner and don't shut the gate,
Or doesn't sweep the porch, or go
Right out and shovel off the snow,
Or bring in wood or wipe his feet,
Or leave the woodshed nice and neat—
It's me!

If anybody doesn't think
To carry out the cow a drink,
Or tracks mud on the kitchen floor,
Or doesn't shut the cellar door,
Or leaves the broom out on the stoop,
Or doesn't close the chicken coop—
It's me!

If anybody doesn't bring
The hammer in, or breaks a thing,
Or dulls the axe, or doesn't know
What has become of so-and-so
That's lost for maybe six weeks past,
If anybody had it last—
It's me!

If anything is lost or gone,
They've got some one to blame it on;
I get the blame for all the rest
Because I am the little-est;
And if they have to blame some one
For what is or what isn't done—
It's me!

OLD HALLOWE'EN FRIENDS.

O HO! Mr. Ghost, with your raiment of white,
Come to frighten me out of my wits in the night!
With your eyes flaming forth like two coals and your
breath

Bearing fire that would scare a poor mortal to death;
With your rows of great teeth grinning widely at me
And your loose-hanging gown flapping under the tree
In the orchard out there—Oh! I know how you're made,
And the youngsters who made you, so I'm not afraid.

Oho! Mr. Ghost, I am waiting for you;
You're an old friend of mine, both trustworthy and true;
For that big head of yours that near gave me a fright
Was in somebody's pumpkin patch only last night.
And out of my window not two hours ago
I saw your head scooped out by Bill, Jack, and Joe;
And I saw you stuck up on the end of a lath
Before you were stationed right here in my path.

Oho! Mr. Ghost, with your garments so fine!
I know what became of that sheet on the line
In the neighbor's back yard, newly washed and alone.
It is hiding that lath that you use for backbone.
And the candle that burned in the kitchen last night
Lights those cavernous eyes that near gave me a fright;
Indeed, you are made from such odds and such ends
That I feel we're the warmest of very old friends.

And those sepulchral groans you are making at me,
I know whence they come—from that big apple tree
That is right behind you—I have heard them before;
They were begging for cake at the side kitchen door.
So you see, Mr. Ghost, with your pumpkin and lath,
With your candle and sheet, when I came up the path
I heard a boy chuckle up there in the tree,
And that is the reason you can't frighten me!

DISENCHANTMENTS.

HERE is the brook where the bold pirates ferried,
Swashbuckling wretches, cold-blooded, unkind;
Here is the tree where vast treasure was buried,
Doubloons we dug for but never could find.
How things have changed since these waters were riven,
Splashed with our paddles and churned into foam!
Since the dark nights when the pickaxe was driven
Where the lost treasure lay under the loam!

Here is the wood with its fastness unbounded,
Whence the red savage stole noiselessly out,
Warning us not till his warwhoop was sounded,
Leaving us scalped on the greensward about.
How things have changed from the steed and the stirrup,
Flintlock and tomahawk whittled from lath,
Where our blood ran there's no fluid but syrup
From the sap maples along our war path!

Here is the plain where our scouts reconnoitred,
Crawling and creeping through morass and glade,
Sighting some bloodthirsty savage who loitered
Near by the scene of some scalp-lifting raid.
How things have changed since the red deer went leaping,
Since came the bison by hundreds to browse,
Silent the plain where our brave scouts went creeping,
Save for the lowing of far distant cows.

Here is the cave where our clans were assembled,
Guarded by sentries, nor traitor could reach;
Ghostly and tomb-like, where heroes dissembled
Blood-chilling fears in their boldness of speech.
Bruce had a refuge here, Wallace lay wounded,
Hallowed its clammy walls, safe its retreat,
Once 'twas a labyrinth, gloomy, unsounded,
'Tis but a gravel pit, just off the street.

DISENCHANTMENTS.

How things have changed in the years since we knew them,
Pirate and redskin and treasure and clan;
Men walk beside them and past them and through them,
Giving no heed that our blood there once ran.
Making no sign for the struggles that swept them,
Flintlock and scalplock, raid, warfare, and strife,
How things have changed since we cherished and kept them!
All of the romance has gone out of life!

A RAINY NIGHT.

'**B**OUT eight o'clock first night that we
Were down at the academy
'Twas awful rainy out, and so
We both of us stayed in, you know;
But we could hear the wind and rain
Come splashing on the window-pane;
And after while, why, Henry Stout
Put up the curtain and looked out,
And said, "My! Ain't she coming down!
I wish I was in Beaverstown."

And then nobody spoke at all,
Just listened to the rain-drops fall;
And Henry sniffled up his nose
Because he had a cold, I s'pose.
And then he said, "I wonder how
Our folks are getting on by now."
And I said, "Oh, I guess all right.
My! Ain't it rainy out to-night!"
And Henry gave a great big sigh
And swallowed hard—and so did I.

And then he said, "My! Such a noise!
I guess there's lots of homesick boys
Around tonight." And I said, "Oh,"—
Just careless like,—“Oh, I don't know.”
And then he said, "I guess Jim Brown
Is glad he stayed in Beaverstown
And didn't have to come down here."
And I said, "Do your eyes feel queer?
I got a speck in mine, I guess,
They water so." And he said, "Yes."

A RAINY NIGHT.

And then he looked and tried to smile,
And we kept still for quite a while.
And heard it rain. And then he said,
"I s'pose our folks are gone to bed
And sound asleep by now, I guess."
And then I swallowed and said, "Yes."
So then we both got into bed
And heard it rain; and then he said,
"My! Ain't she just a-pouring down!
I wish I was in Beaverstown."

A QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE.

HER that wuz Liddy Thomas once—married a man named
Brown,
Who run away an' left his wife; so Liddy came back
to town

With the cunnin'est little baby, but nary a cent had she,
So we summoned a special meetin' o' the Aid Society.

The members wuz summat flustered; we'd all o' us paid our dues
Till the treasury wuz a-groanin', but never a call to use
A cent o' the funds we'd gathered till Liddy came back to town—
Her that wuz Liddy Thomas who married a man named Brown.

The case wuz ourn in justice, since we had diskivvered it,
But the Women's Benevolent Circle felt called upon to sit
In a solemn special session when news o' it got about,
An' stubbornly they insisted on a-helpin' Liddy out!

So Tabithy Jenkins Thomas, who wuz Worthy President
O' the Aid Society, told 'em they shouldn't pay a cent:
That Liddy's distress wuz ourn, an' there wuzn't the slightest call
Fer the Women's Benevolent Circle to interfere at all.

Think o' the meanness on't! Our body eleven year old,
With never a chance to aid distress till this one, as I've told;
An' after we'd been an' found it, to have them a-tryin' to claim
The credit fer helpin' Liddy! We felt it a mortal shame!

So Tabithy Jenkins Thomas she writ 'em a little note
That *we* would take care o' Liddy, an' *they* needn't pay a groat;
An' she called it a bit onchristian fer them to be dippin' in
When we had *diskivvered* Liddy, forsook o' her kith an' kin.

Mehitabel Prudence Tippen, the Benevolent Circle's head,
Writ back to us summat uppish, an' in her epistle said
That Charity's realms wuz boundless as the stars in heaven were,
Which wuz jest the kind o' letter we figgered we'd git from her.

A QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE.

Then Tabithy writ another, an' say, 'twuz a scorcher, too,
A-tellin' Mehitabel Tippen some things that wuz good an' true;
An' pendin' Miss Tippen's answer, she had Liddy's case referred
To the Indigent Poor committee, to wait till we had some word.

Now here wuz a purty pickle! Not one o' us but jest yearned
To be doin' fer Liddy Thomas, an' yit we jest fumed an' burned
With hon'rable indignation, an' couldn't lend aid, becuz
We must wait fer Mehitabel Tippen, an' settle whose case it wuz.

Mehitabel Tippen answered, in the course o' a week or so,
With a note to Tabithy Thomas that wuz jest full o' brag an' blow,
In which she again insisted there wuzn't no claim on Need,
An' Charity wuz a blessin' that never acknowledged creed!

An' Tabithy she wuz hoppin'! She read it all through an' vowed
By all o' the stars in heaven there shouldn't no one be 'lowed
To interfere in the case o' Liddy if she had to go an' stay
On watch beside Liddy's bedside, an' keep other folks away.

So the Indigent Poor committee wuz ordered to make report,
An' we authorized sech expenses as all o' us thought we ort,
But found, when we looked fer Liddy to prove our contention with,
She'd been taken indoors an' cared fer by a fam'ly name o' Smith!

Oh, the burnin' injustice o' it! Our treasury groanin' fat,
An' Mehitabel's interferin' permittin' a thing like that!
A-provin' that sisterhood o' love is only a dazzlin' myth,
An' thrustin' *our* crown o' glory on a family name o' Smith!

KITCHEN MIRACLES.

IN Aunt Amelia's kitchen there are many wonders done,
Such miracles are wrought as never seen beneath the sun:
A pumpkin from the garden—just a yellow sphere that lies
Beneath her skilful handling ripens quickly into pies;
The corn grows into fritters, you must marvel at the change;
The apples change to dumplings in the glowing kitchen range;
She waves her hands above it, and the milk is cottage cheese.
You merely watch her, and you see such miracles as these.

She finds it easy, quite, to make blueberries into rolls;
And eggs are changed to omelets above the glowing coals;
And sometimes when she's fixing the materials for pies
She turns cider into mince-meat right before your very eyes!
Sometimes she makes a currant roll,—you would not think she
could,—

Or makes a peach turn over, or does something just as good;
But she says quite the hardest task that ever she has found
Is, when she has her boys at tea, to make these things go 'round!

EXTINGUISHED.

“THE boy stood on the burning deck, whence all but him
had fled”—

When Tommy Gibbs stood up to speak he had it in his
head,

But when he saw the schoolroom full of visitors, he knew,
From his weak knees and parching tongue, the words had all
fled, too.

“The boy stood on the burning deck”—a second time he tried,
But he forgot about the boy, or if he lived or died;
He only knew the burning deck was something nice and cool
Beside the rostrum where he stood that awful day in school.

“The boy stood on the burning deck”—he felt the flames and
smoke.

His tongue was thick, his mouth was dry, he felt that he would
choke.

And from the far back seats he heard a whisper run about:

“Come back, Tom, and take your seat. They’ve put the fire out!”

THE UNCHEERED HERO.

TIM Brooks he studies awful hard
And faithful all the year,
But goes out in the school house yard
And never gets a cheer;
And Billy Gibbs, he shirks and frets—
He hates to work at all—
But you should hear the cheer he gets
Because he hits the ball.

Tim Brooks he always leads his class
And gets his lessons done;
But Billy Gibbs lets hours pass
Just thinking up some fun;
But no one cheers and throws his hat
And says: "Hurrah for Tim!"
But when Bill Gibbs goes up to bat
The boys all cheer for him.

Bill Gibbs he suffers awful pain
When he comes to recite;
He cannot do his sums again
Or get his grammar right;
Then teacher calls on Timmy Brooks
And points to him with pride,
But when we play a game she looks
And cheers for Bill outside.

Sometimes Tim Brooks he sees the game
And watches Bill at bat,
He gets excited just the same
And cheers and throws his hat;
But when he has his sums in school
And Bill is watching him,
Bill quite forgets the Golden Rule
And never cheers for Tim.

THE UNCHEERED HERO.

I guess I'd rather be like Tim
Than Billy Gibbs, but when
The boys outside are cheering him
It sounds quite pleasant then;
And it must sometimes seem quite hard
To study all the year
And go out in the school house yard
But never get a cheer!

THE SPIRIT OF THE NEW YEAR.

THROUGH the New Year I can see them from the distant
lands and far

Moving Westward, Westward, Westward, where the fertile
prairies are ;

See them, many a man and woman, like the Pilgrim sires of old,
Come to bid the soil be broken, come to bid the fields be gold ;
In the valleys that were silent come the droves and flocks to browse,
Sheep are bleating from the hillsides and I hear the low of cows ;
And the lights like stars are twinkling, where the bison used to roam ;
Twinkling lights from many a cabin where the settler finds him
Home.

Through the New Year I can see them—see the plowman guide
his share,

See the seed of Spring flung broadcast and the fields grown green
and fair,

I can see the glow of forges, hear the hum of mill and mill
And the chimes outrung of Labor that will nevermore be still.
See the granaries uprearing of the harvest, yours or mine,
Like the sentinels of Ceres set to mark her far-flung line,
And the song of share and sickle, of the seedtime and the Fall
Is the song the New Year brings me—is the West's Processional.

And the New Year brings me gladness that the West is fair and
free,

With the doors of Hope swung open bidding enter you and me ;
That its acred plains are boundless, that its arch of sky is blue,
That its heart is beating joyous, that the soul of it is true ;
That the men of it are brothers, that the creed of it is Toil,
That the seal of it is Honor—Honor in the fruits of soil,
That the song of it is Promise, echoed gladly through and through
All its fields and hills and valleys and resung by me and you.

A RURAL MORALIST.

HOD Graham says we ain't got no more idee
Of th' way that th' country is run
Than nothin' at all, and th' whole thing 'll fall
Into wreck if there ain't somethin' done;
If we just had to-day men like Webster and Clay—
But there ain't no such statesmen as these;
So dishonesty's rife in political life—
(And he weighed his hand in with the cheese.)

Hod says nobody knows where th' tax money goes
An' the funds of th' people an' sich;
An' what can we expect from th' men we elect
An' th' all-around craze to git rich;
So as fur as he knows from th' way th' world goes
There ain't no relief he can see;
Till we all learn ag'in to declare war on sin,
(And he weighed in the scoop with the tea.)

Hod says morals is slack an' we ought to go back
To th' days of our earliest youth,
When a feller was taught to do just as he ought
An' th' wasn't no discount on truth;
When a man's word was good an' he did as he should
An' the feller who served Uncle Sam
Worked as hard as though he worked for you or for me,
(And he weighed in his knife with the ham.)

An' Hod says that th' more he runs grocery store
An' the more that he studies an' reads,
Th' more he's afraid we are on th' down grade,
With our morals all grown up to weeds;
An' th' one thing to do is for me an' for you
An' for every respectable soul,
To stick to th' ways of th' old-fashioned days,
(So he weighed himself in with the coal.)

DON'T.

A HUNDRED times a day I hear
His mother say: "Don't do that, dear!"
From early morn till dusk 'tis all
"Don't do that, dear!" I hear her call
From the back porch and front and side
As though some evil would betide
Unless she drummed it in his ear:
"Don't do that, dear! Don't do that, dear!"
If he goes out and slams the door;
"Don't do that, dear!" and if the floor
Is newly scrubbed and he comes near;
"Don't do that, dear!" is all I hear.
If he comes romping down the stairs;
"Don't do that, dear!" and if he wears
No coat, but hangs it somewhere near,
She sees and says: "Don't do that, dear!"
If he goes shinning up a tree:
"Don't do that, dear!" If he should be
Astride a roof I know I'll hear
Her call to him: "Don't do that, dear!"
His life is all "Don't this," "Don't that,"
"Don't loose the dog," "Don't chase the cat,"
"Don't go," "Don't stay," "Don't there," "Don't here,"
"Don't do that, dear!" "Don't do that, dear!"
Sometimes he seems to me as still
As any mouse until a shrill
"Don't do that, dear!" falls on the air
And drives him swift away from there.
So when he finds another spot:
"Don't do that, dear!" and he says: "What?"
And she replies and cannot say—
But—"Well, don't do it, anyway!"

AN UNUSUAL CHUM.

HENRY BLAKE'S father goes fishing with him,
And goes in the creek so's to teach him to swim;
He talks to him just like they're awful close chums
And sometimes at night he helps Henry do sums;
And once he showed Henry how he used to make
A basket by whittling a peach stone and take
The bark off of willows for whistles although
He hadn't made one since a long time ago.

Henry Blake's father is just like his chum,
And when he goes fishing he lets Henry come;
He fixes two seats on the bank of the brook
And shows Henry how to put frogs on his hook;
And sometimes he laughs in the jolliest way
At some little thing that he hears Henry say,
And dips up a drink in his hat like you do
When only just boys go a-fishing with you.

Henry Blake's father will take him and stay
Somewhere in the woods for a half holiday
And wear his old clothes and bring home a big sack
Of hick'ries and walnuts to help Henry crack;
And sit on a dead log somewhere in the shade
To eat big sandwiches his mother has made;
And Henry Blake's father, he don't seem as though
He's more than his uncle, he likes Henry so!

YOUTH.

DON'T you recall when apples grew,
Oh, twice as big as now?
When fish, however they were few,
Were monster ones somehow?

When Gaines's mill-dam made a roar
As though the water hurled
Were gathered in a mighty store
From all the wide, wide world?

Don't you remember when the trees,
The oak trees and the beech,
Were lost in clouds on days like these
And eyes could hardly reach
Their waving tops? When noonday skies
Were oh, such deeper blue?
When Jack's great bean stalk in our eyes
Just grew and grew and grew?

And there were bells, so more than fine,
Of blue and white and red,
Upon the morning glory vine
That climbed up on the shed,
To be a wonder and delight,
So fresh and full of dew,
To bud and open in a night—
I see them now—don't you?

Don't you remember when the caves
Were thick and full of gloom,
Where captive maidens, once, like slaves,
Were chained in some damp room?
When twilight rustling in the brush
Was some fierce beast? A cow
It was, but cows at dusk are—Hush!
I think I hear one now.

YOUTH.

Come, take a little trip with me,
Forget the things that fret,
For you may close your eyes and see
Some things that I forget.
Why, I've seen Bluebeard's hidden room
And Cinderella's shoe!
And I have seen where violets bloom—
So blue! So blue! So blue!

LITTLE GIRL WITH THE CURLS.

LITTLE girl with the curls, and the passionless eyes,
With your heart that is pure as the cool springs that rise
In the green of the hills, and with cheeks that are fair
And unsoiled of the world as the snowflake in air,
With your dreams that are sweet and that always come true,
Little girl with the curls, here's a blessing for you.

Little girl with the curls and with grace that is sweet
From the toss of your head to your fast flying feet,
With the light in your eyes that is brimming with truth
And the straightforward gaze that's the glory of youth,
With your smiles that are glad and your days that are fair,
Here's a blessing as rich as the gold of your hair.

Little girl with the curls and the kisses as light
As the butterfly's kiss of the flower in its flight,
With your heart all atune to the beauties you see,
With the song of your days sweet as music can be,
With your peace like the pardon of heaven unfurls,
Here's a blessing for you, little girl with the curls.

And Oh, be the days of thy trial as far
From the deeps of the sea as the snowy peaks are!
And Oh, be thy heart in its singing atune,
Thy skies be but blue with the splendors of June.
So bless thee and keep thee and spare thee,—with pearls
Be thy days strung through life, little girl with the curls.

LULLABY.

SLEEPY little, creepy little goblins in the gloaming
With their airy little, fairy little faces all aglow,
Winking little, blinking little brownies gone a-roaming
Hear their rustling little, bustling little footfalls as they go;
Laughing little, chaffing little voices sweetly singing
In the dearest little, queerest little baby lullabies,

Creep, creep, creep!

Time to go to sleep!

Baby playing 'possum with his big, brown eyes!

Cricket in the thicket with the oddest little chatter
Sings his prattling little, rattling little, tattling little tune,
Fleet the feet of tiny stars go patter, patter, patter
As they scamper from the heavens at the rising of the moon;
Beaming little, gleaming little fire flies go dreaming
To the dearest little, queerest little baby lullabies,

Creep, creep, creep!

Time to go to sleep!

Baby playing 'possum with his big, brown eyes!

Quaking little, shaking little voices all a-quiver
In the mushy little, rushy little, reedy, weedy bogs,
Droning little, moaning little chorus by the river
In the joking little, croaking little cadence of the frogs,
Eerie little, cheery little glowworms in the gloaming
Where the clover heads like fairy little night caps rise,

Creep, creep, creep!

Time to go to sleep!

Baby playing 'possum with his big, brown eyes!

$\frac{1}{2}$

2000
H
11,

2000

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 906 963 1